

DOUBLE
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THE EVENING WORLD'S

The Evening World.

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THE AWAKENING OF THE POLICE.

There was a promising burst of eleventh-hour activity on the part of the police in the McAllister case yesterday. A warrant was issued for a man believed to be implicated in the murder, warrants for other suspects are to issue this morning, and it is not unlikely that another day will see the suspected persons in custody. The awakening has extended to the District-Attorney's office, where Mr. Jerome, no longer "asleep" and temporarily disengaged from the duty of "running an open Sunday crusade," gives signs of being about to become characteristically vigorous.

It was high time, if the department was to escape the reproach of being wilfully and obstinately blind to its plain duty. As things are, it is not to any initiative of its own that the belated activity of the police is due. It is not to the reform officials, presumed to be jealous of the department's honor. It is not to Inspector Harley's delayed and still unrendered report. It is to a newspaper's dogged determination to get at the truth of what seemed a very foul blot on the city's fame that the public owes this good result. The World has accomplished single-handed what "would have been easy for Col. Partridge in the first place," but which delay and evasion and the frequent direct interposition of obstacles "had made difficult."

It is a very fine triumph for newspaper publicity.

Signs of Spring.—From Topeka, Kan., comes the following news that Carrie Nation is preparing for a solemn smashing crusade. She has asked the "Law and Order League" to bring forth their hatchets from their winter resting places.

THE BURNS CASE.

The testimony in the Burns case, if put in book form to endure longer than the perishable matter of newspaper columns, will furnish persons fond of studying the "science of society" with some very valuable data. It is a "human comedy" of rare interest. Each day's revelations add a new character to an extraordinary gallery of portraits. Each new witness contributes his quota of information about things of the existence of which the public had a vague idea, but the full reality and extent of which it did not dream of.

The case is especially important for the illumination it gives of the lives of the young mashers and their girl friends and the social relations of each to the other. It throws light on a state of affairs in a certain stratum of Brooklyn society which we should be glad to hope is only local, but which has, it is to be feared, a wider prevalence.

Are the facts as they come to the surface such as to show that the moral influences of home and Sunday-school are as potent for good in the City of Churches as they should be?

The Dilemma of a Reformer.—Perhaps the most trying position a reformer Mayor could be placed in is to be accused by the reform press for having sent a "sweep" bill to Albany and to be turned down by the State boss for having withheld patronage from the machine.

THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF NEW YORK.

The good Duke de Loubat, who is a New Yorker born, has endowed a professorship in the College of France for the study of American antiquities.

It would be only a proper recognition of the gift if the researches of the endowment should begin with the study of the antiquities of the donor's native city. New York, indeed, is the only city in America which furnishes an opportunity for the study of the antiquated horse car as a means of traction. The Fifth Avenue stage dates from an even more remote antiquity, while the Staten Island ferry-boat is probably fully as ancient.

Very interesting also to the archaeologist are the remains of the prehistoric lampposts of the upper Broadway region and the curious street signs which still survive in the former village of Greenwich, though none are found in other parts of the city. An archaeological survey of New York thoroughly carried out would disclose a long list of interesting survivals of the past.

A Democratic Prince.—We seem to have made a pretty good Democrat of Prince Henry. While he was homeward bound on the Deutschland a second-cabin passenger asked him to take a drink. "Thanks, no, I have only just dined," said the Prince. Imagine a petty European princeling responding so courteously.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE AGAIN.

Is there not danger that the college graduate may be made the victim of overfondness and thereby lose popularity? Last week it was Mrs. Astor who declared that only the college graduate could be a gentleman. Yesterday the Evening Post, referring to the connection of Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff with the Gulden scandal, said:

"The Lieutenant-Governor is a college graduate and a man of wealth, who must know enough to recognize the impropriety of his course, and who is free from the temptations which sometimes overcome poorer men."

Are we to understand that a higher standard of political morality is also the exclusive possession of the college graduate and of the man of wealth? This is depressing to the vast majority of the citizens of this country who have never had the opportunity of showing their superior breeding by defacing public monuments or their superior morality by swearing off their taxes.

Theatres and Fire Law.—Manager Hammerstein, fined \$50 for violating the fire ordinance, refuses to pay and the case will be heard in court. The advertising he will get will be clean at the price, but is it just the kind of advertising a theatre manager should desire to have?

A DIVORCE TIME LIMIT.

Dr. Savage has a theory that no couple should be permitted by law to get a divorce within a year of their marriage. This sounds well, but is far from practical. For in a great many cases it would necessitate a composite ceremony, in which the happy couple would simultaneously breathe the marriage vows to make them one and apply for the divorce decree to make them two again. For few up-to-date persons would nowadays plunge blindly into the sea of matrimony with the knowledge that they had a year's swim ahead of them before the life-preserver of divorce could be clutched.

Sunday Closing.—"Where the people do not consider the act forbidden to be wrong in itself they are unwilling to obey the law," says Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago. That is the meat of the matter, and that is why the attempted enforcement of the Sunday closing of saloon side doors in New York will always be made ridiculous.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

STILL WORSE.

"How racks McSwain looks!" I wonder. "He was thrown from his horse in the parade?"

"No, but he was taken from the waist wagon after the parade."

A LOCAL AILMENT.

"I caught a horrible cold last Sunday at the Bronx."

"Bronchitis, I suppose."

A HARD FALL.

"At the foot of a 230-foot monument on Bunker Hill there's a tablet showing where Gen. Warren fell."

"Considering the height, I suppose there's no use asking if the poor chap was hurt by the fall."

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

"Why did you ask leave to watch your rival lead a section of the parade from my roof? Haven't you a roof of your own?"

"Yes, but the bricks on your chimney are looser than mine."

BRYAN'S HAIR.

"Yes, Mr. Bryan will be besieged by enthusiastic admirers clamoring to make him President. They will storm all opposition, and—"

"If they do it while he's in his present residence they'll be barnstorming."

A BOER SHAKESPEARE.

"Conan Doyle's book on the Boer War is referred to as 'a labor of love.'"

"A few more victories like Delany's will make it 'Love's Labor Lost.'"

GOOD ECONOMY.

"They say the first \$1.00 is the hardest to earn."

"Then why not start in with the second thousand?"

NECESSARY NOISE.

"Is ping-pong a noisy game?"

"Oh! dear, yes. It can't be played without a racket."

COULDN'T POOL HIM.

"Did you buy a gold brick while you were in New York?"

"Not on your life. I read the papers enough to steer clear of bunco-steerers. I laid out my money to advantage."

"Tell you, I bought a season ticket to Central Park and a title deed to all the land between New York and Brooklyn."

SOMEBODIES.

BIGGAR, DR.—will, it is said, compose an ode for King Edward's coronation which will be sung by Melba.

GIBBONS, CARDINAL.—has decided to postpone the celebration of the Pope's silver jubilee in Baltimore until April 6.

HUNTINGTON, BISHOP.—is making a complete bibliography of all his many writings.

IRELAND, ALLEYNE.—will be sent by the University of Chicago as special Commissioner to the Orient to study conditions of life there.

LITTLETON, HON. ALFRED.—who is mentioned as the next British Ambassador to Washington, is a nephew of Gladstone.

MORGAN, J. P.—has presented electric lights to St. Paul's Cathedral, London. They will be first used on Easter eve.

O'NEILL, FRANCIS.—Chicago's Chief of Police, has the most remarkable collection of Irish made in the world.

VALLEY, JACOB.—of Plattsburgh, Neb., has attended every National Democratic convention since the inaugural campaign of 1860. He is eighty-nine years old.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

Miss Furness, who unveiled the tablet on the steamship St. Paul, presented by citizens of its namesake, is a great granddaughter of Alexander Ramsay, the first territorial Governor of Minnesota.

In two albums bearing the words "Our Dead Heroes" the late Queen Victoria posed the portraits of every officer of the British army who was killed or who died from wounds or disease in South Africa. These albums, which are now the property of one of the late Queen's daughters, have, it is stated, been placed in a glass case for their better preservation.

Marie Antoinette's hair grew gray so quickly in prison that the change was thought to be due to her inability to procure hair dye there.

Eugenie, Empress of the French, is still living in sad seclusion on her English estate, making one visit a year to the Continent.

The number of old maids in a country parish is said by some to determine the richness of the cover crop on the theory that each old maid owns at least one cat. The cats live largely on old mice. These mice live largely on an insect which devours clover buds. The logic is plausible, if not sound.

The Funny Side of Life.

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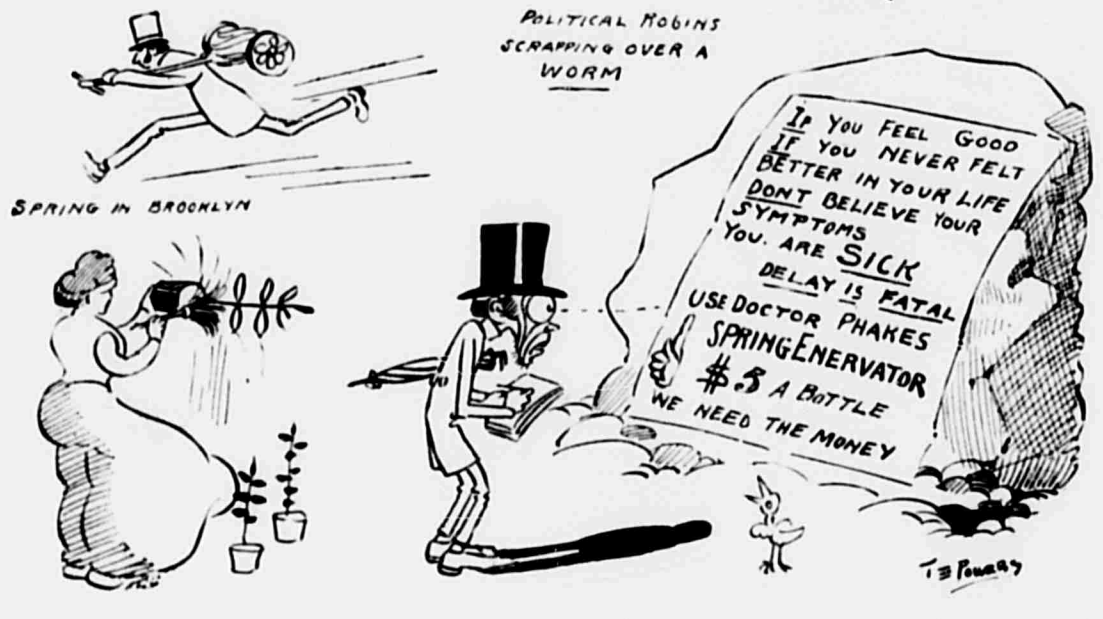
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SIGNS OF SPRING.



When the crocus and the shad rose and such harbingers of spring and spring fever, Easter hats and book start out a-harbinging. Then the Medicine Man gets hectic, and the Politics Birds squirm in their efforts to annex the primal verbal office worm.

Now once more are letters dated "Bench 20 Central Park." And the rubber plant is massaged to revive its vital spark. Oh! the Ice Man and the Tailor and the Tonic Builder sing in one glad hurrahful anthem, "There's a Sucker born each Spring!"

—A. P. TERHUNE

A WAY OUT OF A DIFFICULTY.



"Your uncle was a very eccentric man. He stipulated in his will that \$100 should be buried with him."

"All right, make out a check for that amount."

A HOME THRUST.



Mrs. Hash—Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I have for dinner?

Boarder—Try and have something to eat for a change.

WOULD BE POPULAR.



Alys—Look at that woman over there. She has left the price mark on her new spring bonnet. Isn't it funny?

Luella—Don't laugh. Maybe it is the latest style.

BORROWED JOKES.

HER PREFERENCE.

Fred—But, my darling, I would work hard and eventually fortune would crown my efforts.

Mab—Thanks! but I prefer an heir to a castle to a castle in the air.—Pearson's Weekly.

FROM EXPERIENCE.

Tom—I hate to kiss a woman through a veil; you lose the flavor.

Jack—Oh, I don't know. I always get the flavor.

Tom—Of the kiss?

Jack—No, of the veil.—Chicago News.

MERELY A PHRASE.

"Of course, you were given the freedom of the city."

"Yes," answered the distinguished visitor. "But I had to keep so close to a regular schedule under the strict surveillance of so many committees that it was hard to realize how free I was."—Washington Star.

GENTLE.

Walter—How would you like to have your steak, sir?

Frank (customer who has been waiting twenty minutes)—Very much, indeed, thank you. If it isn't too much trouble.—Philadelphia Press.

A REAL NEED.

"Here's an invention that enables you to see the man who rings you up over the telephone."

"That's well enough. But what is really needed is something that will enable you to reach him in the jaw."—Detroit Free Press.

A FOREBODING.

"I am of the working men," said the impressionistic politician. "I am proud to say that there are callouses on the palms of my hands."

"Well," said the friend, "if the present tendency to belligerency in public life continues to develop you are likely to get callouses on your knuckles."—Washington Star.

MORE IMPORTANT.

"Yes," said the old doctor, "you should try to have your own carriage, by all means. Because when you want to get to a patient quickly—"

"Oh," interrupted the young M. D., "I don't think any patient who sent for me would be likely to die before I reached him."

"No, but he might recover before you got there."—Philadelphia Press.

FOOTLIGHTS.

Charles Dibdin Pitt, late stage manager with Mrs. Le Moyne in "The First Duchess of Marlborough," has been engaged for Henrietta Crossman's company in "As You Like It." Mr. Pitt comes of a well-known theatrical family. His father was the late Henry Pitt, an actor of rare excellence, and his mother, Fanny Addison Pitt, has been a favorite with the theatre-going public for many years.

Harry Corson Clarke, the character actor, is arranging for a spring tour in "What Did Thompson Do?" Mr. Clarke has recovered his health and no longer adheres to a milk diet. He is staying at his pretty villa at Jamaica, L. I. Mr. Clarke says the late blizzard showed him what it is to be a real "Sammy Suburb," especially as the thirty-fourth street cars weren't running, and he had to do a sprint from Broadway to the ferry.

The role of gypsy maiden seems to follow Mlle. Corinne persistently. The announcement of Corinne's engagement for Lederer's forthcoming production of "The Wild Rose" reminds me that this will be the fourth piece within a year or thereabouts in which the dark-eyed actress has appeared as a gypsy girl. At the head of her own company in this country she sang the title role in "Carmen" under the managerial eye of her mother, Jennie Kimball. Later she appeared in a burlesque of "Carmen," done in Philadelphia. She has just completed a season at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London, as "Carmita," a gypsy maid, in the opera of that name. And now George Lederer informs me that the title of his play, "The Wild Rose," refers to the leading character of the piece, a dark-skinned, rosy-cheeked Bohemian girl.

JANE GORDON.

AT THE PLAY.

She took the seat in front of me, Alas, I saw a sign.

For looming up I saw a hat At least twelve inches high.

I could not see the stage at all, So gave a little cough.

It was enough, she took the hint, Also the bonnet off.

I gave a smile, one little smile, And then dumfounded sat.

For coiled upon her head the hair Was higher than her hat.

—Yonkers Statesman.

NEXT MORNING.

The Parader's Complaint.

The morning of a holiday

Is nearly always bright and gay.

A time of joy and laughter.

On every side a merry lot.

All troubles for the time forgot—

But there's

The morning after.

The Prince drank in many a cup

And at the table standing up

We "hoiked" him to the rafters.

But Katzenjammer's curse we learned.

For large and cooling drinks we yearned

Upon

The morning after.

St. Patrick's day we always hail.

A holiday that ne'er grows stale—

We'd even treat a grafter.

Says, does your head like blazes ache?

And such a thirst? I'm with you! Shake!

This is

The morning after.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

THE 1001ST AND 1002D.

The Very Last of the Arabian Nights.